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AUGUST, 1952

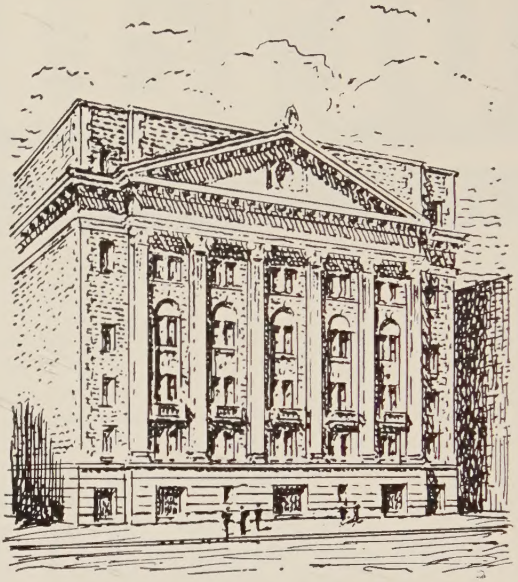
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul.
Not hurrying to, nor turning from the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

Henry van Dyke



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

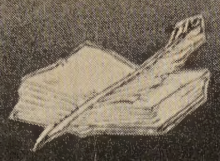
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXIX *August, 1952* *Number 5*

ALONG THE WAY

BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

ON THE closing Sunday of Church this year Old Sol was most unkind and inconsiderate. It was the hottest June Sunday in the history of the Chicago weather bureau—93°. Yet we had a large congregation of more than a thousand people. The main floor and the mezzanine of our sanctuary were filled. It was one of the finest closing services in my memory.

This service is always important to me, as the memory of it sustains me during the summer interim. It represented the close of forty years of my life and my work. I am now over the threshold of the forty-first year of my pastorate.

After the service I remained in the church until past two o'clock saying "goodbye" to friends and members. The loyalty, devotion, understanding and encouragement of our people are unsurpassed anywhere on this earth. As we sang "God be with you till we meet again" I thought of those who had been with us in the years now gone and heard their voices joining with ours in the sacred closing moments of our service.

While I have had the busiest year of my ministry and worked harder than ever before, it was also my loneliest. One cannot have a home for thirty-five years and the companionship of two great souls for all of this time and lose them without suffering agonizing loneliness. For over two years now I have been without Mother and for over a year without Jimmie. Their memory is as vivid and precious to me as life itself. It will never diminish and never change. Fortunate I am that for twenty-five years we shared the friendship and companionship—the three of us—with Miss June Haslet, who came into our church many years ago. She has spent many of her vacations from her teaching duties in the summer in our Island home. Mother and Jimmie both loved her. She was a part of our lives. The last week Mother lived Jimmie and June sat at her bedside and, taking their hands in hers she said, "You two must now take care of our Dad." Jimmie met his promise for a year, then he, too, left me.

Some weeks ago, when I felt a great decision had to be made I said to June, "I am either going to give up my home, or re-establish it. I cannot go on like this." Only those who have faced a similar experience will understand. Night after night I would come home

from meetings, lectures, broadcasts and engagements with only my little dog "Skipper" to greet me at the door. I knew it could not be long till he would be taken. The thought of an empty house was unbearable. I was never meant to live alone. It may be a matter of temperament, but whatever it is, the creative character of my work requires understanding hearts around me.

I asked June to share the rest of my life with me. We spent many hours talking over every angle of the new relationship. She has known me, my family and my work for years. She is aware of the many difficulties of being the wife of a man in public life. She is familiar with my weaknesses, my dreams, my ideals and my hopes. She is also deeply cognizant of the responsibilities. Neither of us have any illusions about the other. There are no adjustments or radical changes in character necessary. She loves our church and our people. She has been a member for years and constant in her attendance. She has accepted me as I am and we are going to meet the future together.

After the decision was made there were the details to be worked out. Neither wanted a wedding with invitations and the traditional procedure. The matter was too sacred to have any kind of public display. So we decided to marry in the house in which I was born, in Linden, Michigan, with only the immediate family present.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Morriston J. Thomas, minister of the Ravenswood Congregational Church, who officiated at the services for Mother and Jimmie in our Church. At noon on the 30th of June we were married in the living room of my old home, which is now occupied by my sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Judson.

Mr. Ben Haslet, June's father, presented her for the ceremony, and my nephew namesake, Preston Bradley Lind, was my best man.

From the beginning of the plans we both desired the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison of our church at the wedding. They have been a part of my life so long and have shared with me many happy and sorrowful experiences. They were the only members from the church who were present. June chose for her bridesmaid one whom we both love and who meant so much to Jimmie—Miss Mary Clarke.

It was a perfect day. The weather was ideal. My sister's garden of herbs and flowers was in full bloom. The ceremony by Dr. Thomas was a spiritual experience for us all. The dignity, beauty and atmosphere of our wedding will long be remembered by us all. After the ceremony June had served a delicious luncheon, with the traditional wedding cake, there in the home which had seen so much of life: Here my father rested in death; here Mother Bradley had often visited and here Jimmie had spent some happy days the last month of his life; here I lived as a boy; here June visited in times past; here were memories everywhere; and now the old but beautiful house has another memory which I am sure will grow alongside the others in beauty, as we walk together down the highway of the years ahead.

* * *

After our wedding my sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Judson; my nephews and nieces, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lind and Mr. and Mrs. Al Lind; my nephew, Preston Bradley Lind; Mr. and Mrs. Harrison; June and I, all drove to Detroit, Michigan, fifty-five miles away, where June and I took the Michigan Central train for New York City.

We arrived Tuesday morning, July

1st, where we went to the Plaza Hotel to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Simpson of our Church, until we sailed on Saturday, July 5th, on the "Mauretania" for Cobh, Ireland.

I am writing these words on the afternoon of the Fourth of July. It has been 96° in New York all day and we have not left the hotel. During our few days here we have had some interesting experiences. We have heard Norman Cousins, of the Saturday Review of Literature, make an address before the American Library Conference, meeting at the Waldorf. I was particularly interested in hearing him, as I read the Saturday Review every week and consider it one of our best literary magazines.

We also heard Eleanor Roosevelt address the same conference. Miss Gertrude Gescheidle, Librarian of the Chicago Public Library, and Mr. Ladenson of our Library were also present. There were more than 5,000 delegates to this conference, representing the entire field of public library activity.

Being a lover of ships and the sea, one of the greatest thrills I have ever had was seeing the new ship, the "United States," leave New York harbor for its maiden voyage. We went down to the Battery early and secured a fine advantage-place. We were at the railing on the end of the Battery —only a few feet from the water. At 12:30 p.m. on July 3rd we saw the graceful bow of this great ship slowly come into view. Every ship in the harbor was saluting her, the deep-toned siren of the "United States" responding to them all in salute after salute. Never in the history of this historic harbor has any ship ever sailed with such a spectacular send-off. The din was deafening.

I made several pictures. I could imagine Captain Manning on the bridge, with his heart filled with pride that such a magnificent ship was under his command and she was being cheered so enthusiastically by thousands of people. Some day I hope to make a crossing on her. We watched her go slowly past the Statue of Liberty on her way to the mighty Atlantic. As she gracefully went out of our vision I breathed a silent prayer that she might have a safe and glorious career and never be used as a troop-ship!

* * *

We spent one interesting evening in the theatre during our visit in New York. Celeste Holm, the well-known actress, has been a guest in our Chicago home. She was a friend of Jimmie's. Her mother I knew in Chicago in the old days of the Chicago Drama League, when Mrs. Clarence Hough was president. We were anxious to see her make her debut in "The King and I," taking Gertrude Lawrence's role opposite Yul Brymer. It was a remarkable evening. We met her mother in the theatre, and afterwards I took June and Mr. and Mrs. John A. Patton, the industrial engineer from Chicago, whose guests we were, backstage to meet Celeste Holm. We were greeted most hospitably and talked over old Chicago days and friends. She was particularly gracious in the fine tribute she paid to Jimmie, his ability and his work. I never saw Gertrude Lawrence in the part and therefore a comparison would be unfair, but I can conceive of no one playing the part better than Celeste Holm. It is a great play.

There is much wise philosophy applicable to the confused attitude of our modern world in international, religious and racial matters. I hope the play comes to Chicago. It is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen and impregnated with a constructive and much needed technique for better understanding. There is a sermon in the

play and I may use it this coming year.

* * *

As June and I stepped from the taxi when we arrived at the Battery to see the "United States" leave on her maiden voyage we were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Swanson and their two daughters, Linnea and Karin. You can imagine our delight and surprise. The Swansons have been touring the East, giving their daughters the advantage of seeing our historic places. They had been to Washington, Mt. Vernon and now, New York. They were as surprised as we were for none knew the others were in New York. Mrs. Swanson is doing a fine work with the Girl Scouts in our Church and is one of our most faithful workers. They left after the "United States" passed on its way toward the Statue of Liberty and we will not see them again until Church opens in September. It was delightful to meet them and have a little time together.

* * *

Rarely when in a strange city do I take a sightseeing tour. However, it is one of the best ways to learn quickly and authoritatively about a place. Mr. Harry Dooley, the President of the Gray Sightseeing Company, is a friend of mine, and always sends me an Annual Pass, good on any tour in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba or anywhere the company operates. It is not often I get an opportunity to use my pass, but the other evening in New York we decided to take the 8 p.m. tour which lasts three hours and visits New York's Chinatown, Greenwich Village and the Bowery districts. These I had never seen. So we went. I could fill the whole space with my reactions. We saw many sights which have to be seen to be believed. We visited an Art Center in Greenwich Village, where a young artist was explaining his technique in his work. He was an ultra-modern. Holding up a canvas he asked the group what it suggested to them. Several answered and each one with a different point of view. One lady behind me said it looked like a landing-field. Another said "a baseball diamond." Another said "a field." Then the young man said, "Are there any questions you would like to ask?" That was too much for me. I asked several. "Is not a work of art supposed to be intelligible?" and some more in the same category.

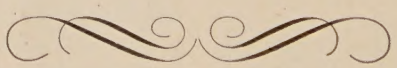
I didn't know anyone in the room had ever heard of me or knew me. When the conversation was over a lady came up to me and said, "Aren't you Dr. Bradley? I heard your voice and I knew it must be you. I used to work in Carson's Book Shop. Mr. Ralph Henry is my friend and I often attended your book reviews. My name is Mabel Nutter Brown. I now live in St. Catherines, Ontario." We had a little visit and renewed the memories of mutual Chicago friends.

* * *

My space is gone. Tomorrow we sail on the "Mauretania" for Cobh, Ireland. I am preaching every Sunday I am away and next month will tell you about our experiences at sea and in Europe.

* * *

May you have a restful summer!



THE NECESSITY FOR LOVE

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
SUNDAY, MARCH 23, 1952

IN OUR literature there are several little gems of religious inspiration which have been given to us by spiritually minded men who not only possessed the ability of spiritual discernment but also were able to present that discernment in a manner which invoked our admiration and our love and our devotion. I think almost all of us have some little book that to us is exquisitely beautiful and inexpressibly precious. I know that I have several such little books; that when life becomes difficult and the problems become many, I can pick up one of those little books and be in the presence of some understanding heart. There isn't anything most people crave more in their own difficult moments of life than the intimacy of someone who understands. You do not go to a stranger with your problems. It is stupid of you to do so if you do, and a stranger makes a very grave mistake to try to settle the problems of one who is a stranger to them. We go to those whom we love, who are a part of our lives, who have shared life with us, who have faced the experiences both of joy and of sorrow. Those are the people we go to when our own hearts are troubled and our own spirits are low. We go to our friends, to someone we have known and have loved for it is their heart that will answer our own. Sometimes that friend may be a book.

That is true with the Bible. That is true most of all with the great 13th Chapter of First Corinthians which I read as the Scripture of the morning, that great chapter on love. We have also had that great mind—who had the respect of the academic world—the mind of Prof. Henry Drummond. And Prof. Henry Drummond has given us two very interesting, very valuable books which continue to have a definite grip upon the needy souls of men. The first was a little book which, in spite of the advance made by science in the world of materialism is still accepted as not only great spiritual truth but also spiritual help presented in association with the best established scientific truth.

Do you remember a little book called NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD? Those of you who may be associated with the problems that are involved in religion, do you remember that book, NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD, written by Prof. Henry Drummond? Prof. Henry Drummond is a Fellow of the Royal Society and he was a great teacher in the academic world. After long experience with the world of natural laws, seeing the operation of nature, relentless, continuing, ever-developing nature, Prof. Drummond found that there was for every natural law in the universe a spiritual law; and that every law of nature had a counterpart in a law of the spiritual. And therefore, the one who was best qualified to interpret the law of the spiritual would be one who was familiar with the great natural laws which bind the universe together —the cohesiveness of the cosmos; the constant unification of a materialistic universe, all bound together by some great fundamental law and manifesting itself in a wide variety of other laws

which conform to the over-law of unity in the cosmos. The sun must obey that law. The stars must obey it. The tides must obey it. The beauty of nature must obey it. The rhythm of the cosmos must obey it. No disturbance from the operation of the fundamental cohesiveness of the universe.

And when the mind of the great Henry Drummond conceived the principle of that truth, he immediately was able to correlate it to a great spiritual law and that led him to write the book which is upon our heart and our mind at the moment. He was invited by the shool at East Northfield, Mass., some years ago, (that great school which sent out missionaries and spiritual leaders and was founded by the great lover and humanitarian of men's souls, Dwight L. Moody) to come out from the academic world of Great Britain, out to the campus at East Northfield. On his way across the ocean, as a scientist, he was of course tremendously interested in observing the great processes of nature as he found them in the sea, as he found them in the sky of the night and on the ocean's bosom — the great manifestation of the cohesiveness of natural power. And as he stood in the bow of his ship night after night and saw the night deepen and saw the vessel go out into the unknown night on the Atlantic, he felt the presence of something which to him was beyond, as the poet expressed it in the poem which I read during our service of worship, something which was beyond all that he could see; something which was beyond the stars and beyond the moon and beyond the night; something that answered to the depths of his own soul. And he thought of a spiritual law and the spiritual laws he had known and then it all came to him almost with the suddenness of lightning. What is this great law? What is this *sumum bonum* that everybody seems to gravitate toward and everybody desires at sometime or other during their own experience of life. They will say "What is the greatest good or the highest good, the *sumum bonum* of life—my life—your life?" And people are attracted to the imperative of the excellent and the best that they can experience in life.

Henry Drummond had his moment of spiritual awareness. I think there are such moments. I think there are moments when the spirit of the eternal reveals itself to even the most hardened hearts. I think it is something like that that happened to Paul on the road to Damascus. I think it is something like that that happens to men and women when there is a sudden complete reversal in their lives. Some experience overshadows everything and we sense a revelation from the Divine. Why not? We are closer than our heartbeats to the eternal, and every one of us is only a heartbeat from the eternal, one little heartbeat and we are in the eternal.

Why, when the distance between the known and the unknown is so narrow and so infinitesimal, why should it be strange if there is a bridge from the eternal to your life and mine? Why should it be strange, this contact, this revelation? I don't think there is anything strange about it at all. Of course the tragedy is that when people assume the responsibility of injecting their own opinions and their own knowledge into a spiritual experience, they always interfere with the free flowing of the presence of the spirit. There is always a resistance there. And if the environment is not feasible to the absorption of the Divine message, then the individual is always in trouble and in torment. I have never known an individual in all the experience of my life who was continually and consistently

attempting to regulate the lives of others who was not himself in trouble. I have never known an individual who was attempting to make others conform to themselves and make others do what they wanted them to do and say and go where they wanted them to go that the reaction inevitably of such an attitude on such a life was not disastrous, not for the one whom they were trying to influence but for themselves. They have created a resistance to the presence of the eternal and therefore they lack the capacity of being directed by the eternal. When one can get on one's knees and in the quietness of one's own room can just make a complete surrender from all that and say "Dear God of Eternal Things, I am through with my interferences and with my regulations. I now ask for the cleansing of body and soul which will permit me to be directed and influenced by Thy love." Before we do anything of any kind for ourselves or anyone else we should ask ourselves "Does this have the approval of the Spirit of Love? Can I face God with this on my heart? That unkind cruel thing which I said; that lie which I repeated; that betrayal which I was guilty of; that anger which consumed my energy." Those are all resistances to the Spirit of Love.

Now you might just as well make up your mind to one thing: Your own life will never straighten out until you straighten out your own attitude toward God, and the only way that that can be done is through love. You can't do it with anger. You can't do it with jealousy. You can't do it with defeatism. You can't do it with condemnation. You can't do it with any of the instruments or faculties that we depend on so much. We poor, poor silly people, when it could be so beautiful and so wonderful!

So Dr. Henry Drummond that night in the Atlantic saw the spiritual truth and it was unfolded to him and he simply said "Infinite Love, direct me. My heart, my mind are now pliable. I have brought no resistance. I have brought nothing of myself." That is what is meant by that phrase "We can do nothing of ourselves and succeed." But at this Lenten season and on these precious Sunday mornings, the strengthening moments for some of us for the entire week, let us denude ourselves of all the froth and the superficiality and the brutality of life and simply say "Let the Spirit of Love now become the power." Dr. Henry Drummond did that. So he stood on the chapel platform at East Northfield, Massachusetts, and without manuscript, without anything execpt the presence of God in his mind and heart he spoke almost as never man spake to those students. Fortunately it was taken down and later was published. Very soon it swept the entire world. It has been translated into almost every foreign tongue, is loved by millions who are seeking the experience of the power of love. Do you know the little book? Have you got it? I can suggest nothing finer in the sermon this morning—nothing—than to have you go out this week and find it if you haven't got it, and sit down and read it again. I read it in the early hours of the morning today as I was holding in my arms my little dog who has been stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage. Seventeen years of his life and another memory about to be born. And as I stroked his brow and those trusting little eyes looked up into mine in the early hours of this very day I thought "Little Pal, so soon, perhaps before this sermon is finished, to know the answer to this strange thing called life." And with one arm around him as he shared my pillow in his strange little world, without pain, just bewildered, not understanding, I thought

of love, and I reached over and I read again Henry Drummond's great little book, THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD. Have you read it lately? Have you got it? Before next Sunday comes around, my anniversary Sunday, I wish every radio friend who is hearing my words now and I wish every one in this congregation would get a copy of THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD, the *sumum bonum* of life, THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD—"And now abideth faith, hope, and love"; but poor Paul, whose life was rugged, whose temper was almost unmanageable, who had been persecuted and driven, whose own hands were bloody, against the experiences of life that had flayed him and betrayed him, finally could write the 13th Chapter of First Corinthians. He could finally say "The greatest of these is love."

Can you say that this morning, or is something else greater in your life? Is hate greater? Is your heart filled with hate? Is envy greater? Are you envious? Are you critical? Are you ugly of soul and mind? Have you said words you would recall if you could? What about a little soul examination? You are not happy if you do these things.

Only people can smile through their tears whose tears are the symbols of love. No other people can smile while they weep except those whose tears are tears of love; and if you will admit love; if you will inspire love; if you will breathe love; if you will put your arm around someone who is loveless; if you will take the hand of someone who is having a pretty difficult time with life; if you get alongside of one and put your shoulder under a burden they are carrying and help them to carry that burden; if you will speak the kind word; if you will do these things, you will understand that THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD IS LOVE.

The Liberalist sends its love and heartiest congratulations across the miles and over the ocean to Dr. Bradley in this, his birthday month.

Dr. Bradley's Summer Preaching Engagements Are as Follows:

Friday, June 13—Address, Linden High School Alumni Association, Linden, Michigan
Sunday, June 15—Dedication Address, Winona, Minnesota
Monday, June 16—Commencement Address, Merrill, Wisconsin
Sunday, July 13—Unitarian Church, Dublin, Ireland
Sunday, July 20—First Church, Dunmurry, Ireland
Sunday, July 20—All Souls Unitarian Church, Belfast, Ireland
Sunday, July 27—Essex Church, Notting Hill Gate, London, England
Sunday, Aug. 3—Church of Divine Unity, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England
Sunday, Aug. 10—Amsterdam, Holland
Friday, Aug. 15 through Aug. 17—International Conference on Religion, Manchester College, Oxford, England
Sunday, Sept. 21—Opening Service, Peoples Church

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
Opening service, September 21.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
Opening service, September 21.

Sunday Evening Service (November through Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November through Easter)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Re-opens in October, 1952. Meets every other Monday during the season. For summer events, contact Mrs. Lester Nelson, 909 Wilson Ave., LOngbeach 1-8450.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Opens in October. Meets the second Tuesday of each month.

For summer events, Miss Rosemary Christenson, Corresponding Secretary, 2805 N. Leavitt St.

Men's Club—Secretary, Harold Hansen, 2218 Carmen Avenue, EDgewater 4-5998.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director.
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of high school age). Meets 1st and 3rd Friday, Secretary, Roberta Rosseter, 4183 N. Clarendon, DIversey 8-2541.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.
through June 6.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Arthur J. Williams, Jr., 4237 N. Hermitage Ave.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall.... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts, Cub Pack No. 3864, 4th Friday, Anderson Hall..... 7:30 p.m.
(All Scout Meetings during the church season only.)

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the church season the entire church service is broadcast.....11:00 a.m.

During the summer Dr. Bradley will be heard at 11 o'clock over WJJD on a new program called "Inspiration and Music."

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

IF YOU go down through the history and culture of the world, you will find that the further removed humanity is from the elemental beauty and moral rectitude of the world of Nature, the more disastrously does humanity develop in society the falsity that ever results from a superficial, pseudo, dilettante culture, and the softness which comes from the super-refinements of much of our modern civilization.

You cannot violate a law of nature without being penalized for it, and the same holds true among men in the moral codes of life. If man could comprehend this truth then honor, integrity, honesty, old fashioned virtues would be substituted for the cleverness of lawyers to keep clients inside the law, and we would have a different economic and industrial and social order throughout the world.

Every time I meet a two-by-four mind, I find it a cloistered mind that sits around the fire or by the stove. It is a mind that wants to be out of the draft, that is always withdrawing into itself, the cloistered mind. Every time you mingle with outdoor-minded people you find spaciousness. If I were accused of a criminal act tomorrow and I had anything to do with the drawing of the jury, the first question I would ask a man on the jury would be, "Do you love to fish?" I would not be interested in his religion, or whether he was white or black; I would be willing to trust my life with any man or woman who was fundamentally and ardently a lover of the out-of-doors.

And so the most selfish individual I have ever known is the individual who hates animals. I judge a person on spiritual personality not by their attitude toward each other, but by their attitude toward other forms of life. When a person says to me, "I hate this and I hate that, and what do you want a dog for, or a canary?" I would not have that person around. I have never known a person to have that attitude but what fundamentally, underneath it all, they had a streak of selfishness.

Furthermore, I believe in an out-of-door religion; — the Master had one. The Master never gave, except once, an important philosophical truth

under a roof. He never, except once, uttered an imperishable sentence under a roof. He gave his whole message under the sky in the out-of-doors. He was an outdoor-minded type of man and he understood Nature; nature with its cruelty; and yet, do you know what Nature does with every scar? Have you ever walked down a deer trail in the woods? Not to shoot, because I do not kill. I am not a hunter. I love the deer, and where I go in the summer I see them come to drink every night. I love the moose and I have seen him feed with his snout under the water reaching for a lily root. I have come onto a moose feeding in the bed of the river and have seen him raise his massive head, shake the water from his snout and stand there glistening in the light, and then, discovering human beings, leap to safety. It is the most beautiful ugly thing that I have seen in my life.

I have watched Nature and I have never seen a tree scarred or a sapling twisted, that Nature did not do her best to cover the wound. She will do her best to grow bark where you scarred her face. Have you ever seen an old log in the cool, fragrant woods, that had been there until it had rotted? What happens? Nature covers it up with beautiful moss, and then sometimes through the moss, the first voice to whisper to you the love-song of spring will be the Hepatica on the log.

Why cannot we learn from Nature? Look at us. What do we do with our scars? How often we try to keep the scar open by saying unkind things about each other and being critical and tearing each other to pieces and attacking one another. We fight each other, we lie about each other, we criticize each other; we keep the wounds of life open. Nature never does. She does her best to heal them up. Let us try that, too.

RUMMAGE SALE

Now is the time to be thinking about how you may help the Woman's Club (that sturdy arm of the church) with their Rummage Sale.

Edith L. Anderberg is Chairman of the sale and solicits your co-operation.

The Woman's Club will hold this annual event in Anderson Hall this year on October 8th and 9th. The proceeds always go to their philanthropic work.

Call the church office if you have some contributions which you cannot bring to the church. If you live in the church neighborhood and it is at all possible, your contribution will be picked up. If you can deliver it, you will be helping that much more.

SUMMER CARD PARTY

The Ways and Means Committee of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church is planning a summer card party and penny social to be held Monday, August 25th. Dessert luncheon will be served at 1:30 P.M., followed by cards or bunco. There will be table prizes, and the donation is only $1.00.

You and your friends are invited to join us in the cool comfort of Anderson Hall for an enjoyable afternoon.

Mrs. Paul H. Raabe,
President, Woman's Club,
Peoples Church.

The following new members were publicly received into the Peoples Church on June 8th: Mrs. W. B. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Iovinelli, Mrs. Nicholas Kaminsky, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Richman, Mrs. Jessie A. Schlee, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Slingerland.

Why Bishop Sheen Succeeds in Television

BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Bishop Fulton Sheen is the best example in American radio or television that sponsors and managers of radio stations are underestimating the intelligence of the American people. When a man without fanfare, pageantry or color will present a program so acceptable that two of television's foremost comedians are eliminated from a place in the first fifteen, it is an event of which everyone connected with television had better sit up and take notice.

Bishop Sheen is a success first, because he has something to say; and second, because what he does have to say is something which people need and want.

If you close your eyes while you listen to him, you are unaware whether he is a Roman Catholic, a Protestant or a Jew, because he is so basic and universal in his treatment of the problems of life.

Bishop Sheen knows what those of us who have to face the tragic problems of life with people have been saying for a long time: that the people were never more disturbed, frustrated, apathetic, or had a deeper sense of futility. Underneath all of this is a deep hunger and a yearning for a way out.

Bishop Sheen is showing them the way out, and anyone of whatever faith or creed who recognizes the universal need of the human heart today will be listened to.

People in television had better get over the idea that it has no appeal without action, movement, phony stage sets and impossible situations. What inspires and lifts and helps is always accepted.

When the Dumont Company presented Bishop Sheen with his great opportunity, they little realized how right they were. After 28 years' experience in radio I am convinced that the people nearest to radio, both sponsors and managers, underestimate the intelligence of listeners. This idea that radio and television appeals to 14-year-old minds is utter fantasy.

It is a tragedy that the greatest medium yet conceived by the mind of man for information, inspiration and guidance has been permitted to be animated almost exclusively by the commercial angle. More and more are television viewers becoming highly selective, and when something good and constructive is presented, it finds instant appeal.

BRADLEYISMS

Never fear growing old, for age at its best is maturity: It is a deepening; a ripening; a fulfillment; an increased awareness of true values. I don't believe in the phrase "Why don't you act your age!" For who is to tell us how we should act at 80, 50, 40 or 20. But there are two problems of maturing life—one is the problem of loneliness: feeling unimportant—being left out of things—out of plans—secondary considerations. So one of the things that can dissipate the feeling of growing old is for those in that age group to create for themselves contemporary interests with life. The Borrowed Time Club members are the youngest group of people I address during the whole year—70, 80, 90 years old—alert, responsive men all of them. Some come in wheelchairs and some on crutches, but their interests and their intellectual contacts are alert. They are contemporary and in touch with life. Just

delegate the past to its proper place. Be interested in contemporary events. Stay young in spirit and age can never grip your soul. You can say with Browning in his Rabbi Ben Ezra,

Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be;
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hands.

Nothing that has happened in the entire record of the history of mankind has destroyed in my heart a faith in progress—the capacity of man to grow, to advance, to develop, to achieve, to live life in terms of victory and power! I believe in the potentiality of man to ascend ever higher and higher in the scale of reflected divinity. As long as that allurement exists in human consciousness man will never contentedly accept disaster, defeatism, poverty, war, hatred as being the final and permanent answer to man's pilgrimage upon the earth. We are here on a great mission; we are here for a purpose. Therefore, I do not accept my own little prescribed place in the cosmos of things and my own contemporary moment in which I live as the final moment in the destiny of man.

* * *

"Our little systems have their day," sang the poet, "They have their day and cease to be. They are but broken parts of thee, and thou, O God, are more than they." There is no limitation to the human intellect; no limitation to the human heart. We are miraculously made. We are the embodiment of God's dream and His hope. I believe that every hour of life is a different hour than the one preceding it; that every year is a stepping stone to the higher reality of our ultimate fulfillment; that in the end for every life there is greatness and available beauty; that we were ordained from the beginning for progress. As long as the spirit of man turns toward the infinity of God's love, man will grow—as long as we turn our faces upward—we will grow!

Bazaar-Time is on the Way

In many a summer vacation spot members of the Peoples Church are remembering the Annual Peoples Church Bazaar. Individual members of the Woman's Club are sitting on screened-in porches with needle and fancy-work in hand, and their particular booth at the Bazaar on their mind.

Others are buying some article from some distant spot where they are travelling—perhaps two articles, one for themselves and one for their favorite booth.

Still others who possibly may not be leaving Chicago this summer are meeting in groups, and hobnobbing with patterns, materials and designs to out-do each other in gifts for the Bazaar.

This little item is just to remind any member or friend who needs his or her memory jogged a bit, that the "Bazaar Is A-Comin'" like the everlasting "Shrimpboats" and though there won't be room for "dancin'," there will be plenty of fun if you do your part. The date will be early in November.

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

It has been truly said that Unitarianism is not a body of beliefs but a state of mind. The open, thoughtful, reasonable and rational, optimistic

mind, fearless, ready to believe, and at the same time ready always to move on to better beliefs, is the chief characteristic of Unitarianism. Unitarians have no patience with creeds; their love of freedom is too deep. Each one faces the task of making his own definition of his religion, if such a definition is to be desired.

—Dr. Charles E. Park

BOOK CHATS

A NEW book has just been published by The John Day Company. It is an adaptation by Lin Yutang of *Famous Chinese Short Stories*. The Chicago Tribune says of it that it is "an unusual and fascinating anthology from the older classical Chinese literature—Stories of adventure . . . of love . . . ghost stories."

The fact that Lin Yutang is the adapter of these stories guarantees they are expertly done. They are diverse in circumstance and character and will entertain a wide circle of American readers. Just the thing for summer reading.

* * *

While speaking of Lin Yutang, why read only his latest book? Summer is an ideal time for browsing among the old books. And surely Lin Yutang will bear reading and re-reading and reading again. He who said "The world will right itself; take the long view and you are comforted," is worth cultivating.

Another book of Lin Yutang's which one can pick up and read at random is his magnificent anthology *The Wisdom of China and India,* which has been on the shelf in my Island Study since 1942. It is an 1100-page treasury of the wisdom and ideals of life that guided the thinking and living of the millions in Asia in past centuries, as found in the utterances of their own classics and literature.

Here are authoritative translations of the best of the sacred books of Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism and Taoism. The selections are chosen from a literary as well as philosophical standpoint. This has produced an incomparable compilation. It reaches the depths of our common human experience. It is therefore forever young and fresh. In the majority of the Chinese translations Lin Yutang has made new translations of his own.

In *The Wisdom of China and India* there is the enduring work of a civilization whose philosophers anticipated Socrates and Aristotle and whose moral leaders taught doctrines embodied in the Sermon on the Mount. A guide and delight for all readers of our own time will be the wisdom of Confucius and the precepts of Laotse, as well as the fabulous tales and the rich poetry of India. This is one of the finest volumes ever to come from Random House.

If you, my dear reader, are a bit discouraged — if your faith at the moment is weak, turn in this book to *The Upanishads* of India and read the story of creation. Read *The Subtle Essence* in that story and have your faith in life and the continuance of life revived. Read *The True Brahman*

from the Chhandogya Upanishad and be inspired and comforted.

Now is the time for reading the philosophy of India and China. In our daily newspaper, as I have so often said, that which is at variance with the normal is news and makes the headlines. In our relations with other countries, too often that which is at variance with the norm of that country is most common knowledge among us. We so seldom stop to read the finest thoughts of their great philosophers and thinkers. How, then, can we have a true picture of our world neighbors?

Other headings in the selections under *The Upanishads* which will have a familiar ring to my readers are *Emancipation, The Conquest of Death, The One God, The Immanence of God, God Is Within You, and Know God.*

* * *

From the publishing house of The John Day Company comes Pearl Buck's *The Hidden Flower*. The publishers call this "a woman's book," as *The Good Earth* was "a woman's book;" . . . a book for every woman, city-dweller or villager, young or old. In this story of the lovely Josui, who leaves her parents' home in Japan to join her American husband in his homeland; in the brief beauty of their young love and the dead hand of the past that destroys it; in the birth and perfect blossoming of their child; in the weight of sorrow and the courage to bear it; the fear for a child and the flooding joy of knowing it safe, Miss Buck assures us that East and West can meet on the grounds of affectionate understanding and that human similarities can prevail over the gulf between cultures. There are those authors who tell us the twain can meet only in circumstances of the utmost squalor and personal degradation. Undoubtedly they have met in this fashion many times. Miss Buck believes in morality, order and in generosity; she has a bias toward endings which provide for the preservation of human dignity. She surely need not care if she is discounted as naive among intellectual critics.

Miss Buck is widely read, and deals in human relations as close to universality as possible. She has a warmth of sympathy and writes with clarity and understanding.

The central character, Josui, is the daughter of a Japanese doctor. He is a man of intelligence and breeding. He had lived long in California and returned with his family to Japan at the outbreak of war in 1941. At that time Josui was 15. Because bitter against the country which seemed to have turned him out, he becomes more Japanese that those who had lived all their lives in Japan. Though Josui is the proper Japanese daughter of a strict, if loving, Japanese father, yet her fifteen years of American life remain in her memory as representing freedom.

Josui and Lieut. Allen Kennedy of Virginia and the Occupying Forces fall in love, to the horror of both Josui's father and of Allen's Babbitt-type colonel. They are married in a Buddhist ceremony.

Back in America Allen's mother cruelly refuses to see Josui and it slowly becomes clear that Allen has not the stamina to make the marriage work in the face of his mother's fierce opposition. This is only the beginning of a simple and appealing story, with a great deal of moral force. Miss Buck does not contrive a "happy ending," but she does provide a satisfactory ending, convincing enough to have very little of the air of contrivance about it. She explores intolerance, fear and stupidity, and proceeds then to present evidence that courage and generosity also exist.

Miss Buck is one of three novelist-winners of the Nobel Prize for Literature living in America today. This book will be widely read and with pleasure, though it may not receive the critical attention one might expect for the work of a Nobel prize winner, and this is because her audience is the American middle-class woman who reads novels, and contemporary critics are inclined to ignore that audience.

Literature should reflect life truly and has the duty to present it to as large an audience as possible. Miss Buck has done this for twenty years and continues to do it so well!

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

FOUR women left Chicago on a blistering day and headed north in a Ford car. Instead of taking the shorter route to Duluth, they took Route 13, where there was less traffic. It was Sunday, July 6th, and people would be heading back to Chicago after the long Fourth of July week-end. The lack of traffic on this route was surprising, and we traveled for two days without seeing a truck. It was a lovely scenic route all the way up north to Bayfield, Wisconsin.

We had planned to take the all-day cruise around the Apostle Islands which lie out to the right of the shore in Lake Superior, but we arrived too late to get the 10:00 o'clock boat and there is only one boat a day. As a little consolation prize we took the ferry boat over to Madeline Island, the largest of the group. This territory is very historic, having been a fur trading post, an early settlement of the Indians and then of the French. There is a dear little hotel at Bayfield down by the water's edge and we wished we had been able to arrive a day earlier.

We continued on Route 13 all along the shore of Lake Superior, crossed over into Superior and then into Duluth, Minnesota. If any reader is ever up Duluth way, you might like to continue up from Duluth along Lake Superior to Port Arthur, where Dr. Bradley has given an address several summers and where I was so fortunate as to be included in his party one summer.

We four, however, were headed for Virginia and Dr. Bradley's Black Duck Island Home, where we were invited to spend a week or two, so we continued on to Virginia, Minnesota.

You have heard Doctor speak of the Lake Vermilion sunsets many times I am sure. That evening on our way to Virginia we drove into a sunset I shall never forget, for never have I seen one like it and possibly never shall again.

The weather had been cloudy and a bit rainy all morning, clearing in mid-afternoon. Gorgeous clouds had settled toward the west, forming a changing panorama that held our interest more or less constantly, even before the glow of the setting sun

began to tint and blend the colors from the Great Artist's palette.

Grandually the entire mass of cloud formation which filled the whole western sky became one flaming background. The clouds stayed stationary for what seemed like hours and the flame color remained. Never have I known a flame-colored sky like it, nor one which retained the color for so long a time. We bathed in its beauty and glory, feeling that we must never let this picture fade from our memory. I am quite sure we never shall. When one feels the Master's touch so deeply, the memory does not fade away.

We rested overnight at the more modest hotel (Hotel Touraine) which is just around the corner from the very new and elegant Hotel Coates. However, ours was a very comfortable, clean and inviting little home for the night.

We arrived at Black Duck Island early in the afternoon. Doctor's boat met us and, as we stepped out on the dock at our final destination a feeling of quiet peace settled down on us all. We began to take long, deep breaths of the pine-scented air. We listened "with all our ears" to the birdsongs that greeted our arrival and Ray and Myrtle soon had us all comfortably housed.

When we sat down to early evening supper (it seems more fitting to use that word which Doctor remembers from his Michigan home days, when one is on this Island) with a little glass boat solidly filled with beautiful nasturtiums in the center of the table, and four plates filled with tempting food, we all hesitated for a moment and then one of the group expressed the thought in the minds of each one as she said, "I am sure we are all grateful." that was our "grace" and our thank you for this beautiful treat.

There is no view from Black Duck which is not one of exquisite beauty. The foliage this year is of course particularly luxuriant, due to much rain. Looking out in any direction from Black Duck, through the pines, cedars, hemlock and birch, one sees rippling blue water, islands of various sizes, channels, and a shoreline of solid woods without a break, except for a roof now and then, where some summer home has been built.

Jimmie's rock garden is as rugged, rustic and beautiful as ever, and I have a memory of seeing him busily planting all day long when I last was at the island a few years ago. Grace Bradley's pansy box is filled with blooming little faces, which speak of her love for them, though Myrtle did the planting this year.

We visited "Dad Jones' Apartments, 1948," with its many little apartments for the swallows. It has a very realistic brick chimney atop the dwelling. Many of our readers will remember dear old "Dad Jones" who sat in the very front row at church and came faithfully even when he had to use crutches. He had the big birdhouse built especially for Doctor's Island, and it now stands up high among the pines and looks out over the dock, and houses many a family, standing as a loving tribute from him to Dr. Bradley.

I hurried to clean out the bird fountain and fill it with fresh water, for I always loved to do this particular little chore. Mrs. Bradley presented me with a painting she did of the bird fountain, several years ago, on a Christmas Day after my first trip to the Island. It happened that I had enjoyed working with Jimmie and his friend Marvin, when the fountain was first placed. We brought moss, ferns and other little woodsy things from the mainland and planted them in a hollow around the fountain, so it had a special

interest for me always. I was so happy to have this painting of it. When I saw Mrs. Bradley working away at the little painting I wished and wished with all my heart that it might be mine, never realizing that it was going to be. I had always wished for a painting, but like a lot of other wishful thinkers had never *done* anything about acquiring one, so this was my "first." The painting has hung on our living room wall ever since and added to it and hanging on the same wall is one that Jimmie's friend Marvin did of a bay on Lake Vermilion where we had stayed one day in the big boat while Doctor went over a portage to Bass Lake on a fishing trip. The last addition to "my paintings" is one my friend Clifford Lyon did while at the Lyon's summer home up on Whitefish Bay. (I spoke of Clifford in a recent Liberalist.)

Well, while I am enjoying sharing my trip to the Island with our readers, they are no doubt wondering "When do we get to enjoy the Mail Bag letters?"

* * *

In Dr. Bradley's "Along the Way" column in the June Liberalist he mentioned the Izaak Walton League of America Convention at Tulsa, Oklahoma. The following letter taken from the Mail Bag, which comes from Birmingham, Alabama, refers to that convention and to the poem published on page 23 of this month's Liberalist:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Had there been no other talks or "speeches" at the National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, our trip would have been worth while just to have met you and heard your talks.

As we told you after the Friday night banquet, the poem which you read, "Fishing Reasons," was a *just right* climax. You said we might have a copy, so this is a request for it, please.

Hoping to see you at the 1953 Convention,

Yours very truly,
Mrs. Katherine Anthony,
1220 11th Avenue South,
Birmingham 5, Alabama.

The poem seemed very appropriate to a mid-summer number.

* * *

From a table in Dr. Bradley's Study (a quiet, book-filled little cabin on a breezy point of the Island) I dip down into the Mail Bag and find a letter written by "Frankie" Adams. You will remember that Frank Adams was introduced to the congregation at Christmastime, when "Frankie," as Dr. Bradley has always called him, put on the Christmas play as a memorial to Jimmie who had always done it ever since the Uptown Players were organized. Frank Adams' relation with the church started in the Sunday School and later he became a member of the Players. Now he has two groups of Players, the Jack and Jill Players, a younger group, and the North Shore Players, being the older members of his company. Here is his letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I sincerely hope this letter catches you at the Island. I have been thinking about you ever since the closing church service when you delivered another magnificent sermon.

I'm sorry I wasn't able to see you more often last winter and this spring, but my first year here has certainly been a busy one. I don't believe I'll have to work quite so hard in the future, but when I took over the school was quite run down and it has taken a lot to pull it up again.

When I took over just about a year ago we had 65 students, and I was

running a little over 100 this spring. In September I hope to begin with about 125, and I really can't handle much more than that. But enough about the work here.

What is much more important, "Have you and Junie tied the knot as yet?" I expect you have, for Julie Sparling came to see our play "Dear Ruth" last week-end, and she said some of the folks had given Junie a shower. I think your getting married again, Dr. Bradley, is just wonderful, especially to Junie, whom we all know and love so much. I know your schedule will be crowded, but you know I'd love to have dinner with you before you depart, if it can be arranged. If it can, please have Junie phone me, and you know I'll be any place any time you say. I'd phone you but that's so futile most of the time.

My brother, Roy, and Dorothy are in Zurich, Switzerland, this week, then are going to Rome and Naples. They were in London and Paris last week. July 3rd Mother and I are leaving for California to spend a couple of weeks with Janie and her family.

My "Dear Ruth" plays two more week-ends, then I shall be so happy to get away. If I don't see you, Dr. Bradley, you know I shall be thinking of you and Junie all summer long, and if we can get together it certainly will be a wonderful way to start the summer. So, hoping to hear from you, I remain, as always,

With deep devotion,

Frankie.

* * *

Next I take out a letter from a Michigander. Because Michigan is so much a part of Dr. Bradley's life, I always like to include a Michigan letter in our Mail Bag. The letter is very self-explanatory:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

I received your card some time ago and will try and answer it. I am the man who has been sending you the Tracks Magazine, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway's official paper.

I met you at the station the evening you were here (Muskegon Heights, Michigan) and were going away. You were with Paul Elliot from station WKNK. I worked a good many years with Paul on the Muskegon Chronicle Staff when he was City Editor. Of course I have always been a railroad man. I have been on the job thirty years and just received my 30th-year pin.

I attend your church every Sunday by radio and I enjoy it very much. Last Sunday you spoke of Mr. Lorado Taft. Those of us who enjoy art remember well his lectures in our Art Gallery. In fact I believe we have his last great masterpiece here. It is the Memorial to Muskegon's great benefactor, Charles Hackley—a $60,000 memorial. Mr. Taft died shortly after the dedication of it.

You have a memorial in Chicago to one of our men who started here with the Muskegon Chronicle. He became a well-known poet. His name is Douglas Malloch and he is honored, I am told, at the Country Church of the City at Granville and Lakewood.

Our conductor who was on the train on which you returned to Chicago often talks about the little visit he had with you in the sleeper.

I am sending you a copy of the magazine. It has the Annual Report this time which tells where all the money goes. I have been Associate Editor of the Magazine for 18 years.

Respectfully,

Roscoe D. Henry.

* * *

The following letter is from a neighboring suburb of Chicago and I shall not divulge the name of the writer nor

of the church to which she belongs, but I thought you would be interested in it because it shows that even though people belong to some more orthodox church, they still are helped by listening to Dr. Bradley's liberal thinking. Dr. Bradley never proselytes nor asks anyone to join his church, but he is always happy to know when he is helpful to anyone, anywhere. Many people who are members of a church in their own community listen-in to Dr. Bradley's services and receive inspiration, and express their gratitude in the practical way of giving. And why not? Is that not the essence of true christianity — to help all good wherever we can. Here is her letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Here is my check. I'm not going to apologize because it isn't larger, because I'm grateful that I can send this. I'm a Baptist and we are really in deep water in my church.

Your service and the music were excellent as usual. After your service was over my dog was much more friendly than a lot of good Baptists I know, but of course I realize the fault must lie with me.

I was startled during your talk when you made the statement "God, I've done everything I know how to do; now I'm just turning the whole thing over to you." It was not more than an hour before, that I had talked earnestly with God and said, "God, I've done everything I know how to do. Now I'm just leaving it all to you."

I suddenly realized that someone who was much wiser than I, someone who apparently had everything at his command, felt just as helpless, just as childlike as I and also needed God's tender love and care.

Dr. Bradley, you have done much for your church and God's people. My thinking has been enriched because of you. I, too, rebel at creeds, for I believe that Love is greater than Faith and Hope.

A dear friend of mine hand-lettered for me my favorite thought. I read it every day even though it is imprinted on my memory.

"So many gods, so many creeds,
So many ways that wind and wind;
But after all, what this world needs
Is just the art of being kind."

God bless you.

Cordially yours.

* * *

And now, on stationery of The Wisconsin Union, University of Wisconsin, we find this note in the Mail Bag:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

If I were asked what my greatest single experience was during my stay in the United States, I would without hesitation say that it was when I heard you speak in Merrill last Monday.

When I came up to Merrill I was a pessimistic, dejected man; when I left I was exalted and refreshed, filled with new hope for myself and for mankind. I shall try to do everything in my little power to "walk like a man."

Hearing you speak was far more worthwhile to me than all the courses I've taken on speech, composition and delivery. I felt that way on Monday; I feel that way now, after forty-eight hours have past.

Best wishes on your trip to Europe.

Very sincerely yours,

Nuvit Ozdogru.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am Editor of ..... which is a paper published monthly in ....., Illinois. I would appreciate very much receiving a copy of "The Need For Men."

My wife and I have both been mem-

bers of Alcoholics Anonymous for the past five and one-half years and want you to know that your sermons and prayers have helped us immeasurably. While living on the north side in Chicago we attended church regularly but now listen to the broadcast. We spend Christmas and New Year's Eve in the Peoples Church.

My wife and I both saw the sunset you described so vividly a few weeks ago. We are both trying to show our gratitude for the second chance God has offered us and try to remember He may not offer us a third.

May God bless you in your many good works.

Yours very truly,

* * *

And now the young people are heard from in the two letters which follow. The first of these letters comes from Santa Monica, California:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I'm writing to say I am sorry I didn't get a chance to see you before I left for California. My leaving came as a surprise to me. We found out we were leaving right after you left, and then we left before you returned. When I say we, I mean my mother and sister and myself. We came here to my father, who found out that California had some good possibilities for a man of his skills.

During the time I spent at your church, I learned several things. I was first introduced to members of the Channing Club, and I at once thought that they were nice. After being with them for three months, working in shows, having meetings, going to dances, having parties, and then their giving me a beautiful going-away party with all the trimmings, I've just lost all words with which to say what they mean to me. I can understand why they are that way, with you to guide them on the path of good.

Then I learned this about the Choir: whenever you asked either the Choir or Quartet to perform, they never turned you down—not one of them would turn anything that you requested down. They love you too much. I am proud to say that I was able to render my services to the Choir and to you.

I only wish that I might have stayed, so I could have gone on with my activities in the church, especially after having been made an official member this past Easter.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart for taking me under your wing (so to speak), like you do with every member of your church, and guiding us all on the straight road.

Yours sincerely,

Howard E. Wynia,
821 Wilshire Blvd.
Santa Monica, Calif.

* * *

And now I find a little note from California written on a postcard, from one who evidently doesn't know of the far-flung field of Dr. Bradley's influence. The card is addressed merely:

Dr. Preston Bradley,
Peoples Church,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I attend your church regularly when in Chicago.

Today, during a conversation about preachers, we mentioned your name. It's surprising to find that so many people here in Long Beach know you, and all think you are a great preacher.

Regards,

W. M. Hall,
3434 Broadway, Chicago.

Dr. Bradley made many friends all over the United States when on the Hymns of All Churches program. And many of our members in the Peoples Church have gone to California to sing

Dr. Bradley's praises on the West Coast.

* * *

Out from the Mail Bag pops a letter from a dear, sweet lady who lives in a Home for the elderly in Aurora, Illinois. The letter was inspired by a sermon in which Dr. Bradley described a beautiful sunset he had seen while driving home from an engagement in Indiana.

Dear, Nature-loving Dr. Bradley:

Most every Sunday I listen to your wonderful service, and enjoy it so much, and I only want to tell you that I also saw the sunset and I love it as you do. As I went for a walk in the afternoon the sky was so beautiful —so blue, with rippling white clouds, and I thought of Martha Tilton and Kirk Massie, who sing about the little white cloud that cried. If I stumble and fall some day it will be because as I walk I also must see the sky. I always have seen so many things in the clouds—and how I do love nature.

Here in Aurora I live in a home for old folks and we have a large and beautiful yard. The grass and trees are in all their beauty now.

I am an old woman now. Have been here over four years. It will be eleven years September 19th since my darling husband passed away—lonely years, as we had no children. But I had kind, good neighbors to help me, as they do yet!

We had a nice bunaglow home, a lovely yard to enjoy and lots of flowers and plants. I have one lovely plant in my *one* window now—a gift from a dear one. We also had dogs that I, too, loved—a Collie that was so smart.

I had a very humble chilhood in Denmark. Also enjoyed a beautiful stream, or a brook not too far, where I picked forget-me-nots and bluebells in spring, and I yet get dear letters from my school chum there, so my memories are like yours so much, but no one now to talk to about it.

We were married in Chicago and lived there four and a half years, and how we did love Jackson Park and the Lake, and I love it yet so much.

We lived on rented farms for twenty years, and both worked so hard. Poor health took us to Aurora in 1925. My dear one had three operations so we never got to Florida or to California —never saw a mountain, only pictures, but I am so thankful to have a home here, and God takes care of me always —and always will! We are 83 old folks here.

I may not send this to you, you are so busy.

I was eighteen when I came to America. I have learned to read and write by myself, but not perfect. I have a large correspondence, as we lived in different places. This needs no reply. I only wanted you to know how I enjoy hearing you on the air on Sundays, and I'm so glad you have nice rides and enjoy the lovely spring day.

Kindest greetings and best wishes to you in all that you do.

Marie Smith,
276 S. Broadway,
Aurora, Illinois.

* * *

That last dear, sweet note is a lovely closing thought for our Mail Bag. Mrs. Smith shows such a friendly spirit, and wanted to share her experiences with Dr. Bradley because she felt they were kindred spirits, enjoying the same experiences in life. I know our readers have enjoyed the letter with us.

Keep on writing. Dr. Bradley does appreciate all the lovely thoughts you send him.

KEEP - ON - THE - BEAM!

FISHING REASONS

Fish can be bought in the market-place
So it isn't the fish I'm after.
I want to get free from the care-drawn face
And back to an honest laughter.
I want to get out where the skies are clear
And rest by the river's brink.
I want to get out where the woods are green;
I want a few hours to think.

Oh, it isn't the fish I am greedy for,
It's the chatter and song of the birds,
And the talk of trees that I've known before;
I am weary of selfish words.
I want to stretch out, just my soul and I,
In a place from strife afar
And let a few care-filled hours pass by
As I think of the things that are.

Oh, it isn't the fish that I go to get
Though there's joy in a swishing line,
And a splendid thrill when my grip I set
And a small-mouthed bass is mine.
But my soul seems cramped in the stilling air
That is heavy with talk of gain
And I want to get out where the world is fair
And there isn't so much of pain.

Fish can be bought in the market-place
But I long for the running stream
And I want to be free from the care-drawn face
And the city of dreadful dreams.
I want to stretch out, just my soul and I,
On a sun-kissed river shore
And be, as a few mad hours rush by,
The man that I am, once more.

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